EXPERIENCE OF A RECENT TRAVELER

Thirst Adds to the Suffering From

Sir Clements Markham presided over a largely-attended meeting of the Royal Geographical Society held on Monday in the theater of the University of London. A paper was read by Dr. Sven Hedin on "Four Years in Central Asia." The following is the lecturer's account of a storm in the Takla-Makan desert on the way to

Islam-beg went ahead, compass in hand, and had orders to keep watch to the east, where Khotan-Darya should be at the nearest. They went in crooks and curves to avoid the most difficult sand passes. The desert was like a coagulated ocean with giant waves. Every morning the same dreary landscape presented itself to their view. It was devoid of every trace of life: not even a fly was heard humming in the air, and no faded, wind-driven leaf broke the desclation. On April 26 the two first camels were left behind and with them their empty cisterns. By observing great economy the water supply might still last for two days, and they hoped at any mo-ment to see the sand decrease and to find wells. But this was a treacherous hope, and could they have imagined what was to happen it would have been a thousand times better to return to the small lakes.

Digging for Water. The same evening they found a plane spot of dry clay soil between two dunes, and here, with desperate exertions, they dug a well The men stripped and dug by turns. At a depth of three feet the sand got wet and their disposition gay in consequence. All the animals, even the hens, waited impatiently round the well, which sank deeper and deeper and had to be it up. At the depth of ten feet the sand again became dry, and the hope was abandoned amidst general gloom. The camels were now allowed to eat their own pack saddles which work stuffed with hay and saddles, which were stuffed with hay and

straw. On the 27th they saw two geese making to northwest, and this excited their hopes. He now always traveled on foot, in order to The sand did not cease; wherever he looked there were only whole crests of chains of dunes in which they sank, and feit as if being sucked down. They economized the water to the very utmost, and the animals did not get a single drop more. But in the evening thick rain clouds began rising above the western horizon; the tent canvas was at once turned out, and all of them kept prepared to stick each one to his corner of the canvas in order to gather the water so eagerly expected. But, alas! even that hope was treacherous; the clouds went to southeast and did not touch them. Dur-ing their march they were enveloped in such dense sand clouds that it darkened like twilight. They had to keep together in a dense cluster, as the track got at once obliterated, and had one of them missed the others he would have been irretrievably lost. They saw nothing but the nearcamel through that darkness; they heard no shouts, only a strong whistling, rustling noise pierced their ears when milliards of sand-grains rushed about. Per-haps it was those strange noises that tempted the fancy of Marco Polo to think of drums and squadrons of cavairy, of which he spoke in his accounts of the hor

rors of the Gobi desert.

they had still three and a half pints of water, but it was stolen the following The camels were fed for the last time; they were given the whole remnant of butter. Now it drew speedily to a close. On May 1 they suffered terribly from thirst, the men drank the stale sesame of oils of the camel, and he himself a glass of Cainese brandy, which otherwise was used for their cooking apparatus. This paralyzed his strength; he crawled along far behind the caravan in glowing sunshine The ring from the bells died away, he followed the track of the others, and when he at last reached them he found the men were lying headlong on the ground; two of them went and invoked Allah. Even th camels had, deadly tired, lain down with their heads stretched out. They had scarcely strength enough to fix up the tent they undressed, crept in beneath the shade, and lay there the whole day. Not a single sound was heard, only the heavy breathing of the camels interrupted the silence.

Muhamed Shah was delirious the same evening, and they never heard of him and he desert man again.

At sunset he felt completely restored, and with Islam, Kasim and the five camels, he quitted the horrid camp, where everything

was left in the tent except notes, instruments, money and some other necessaries In order to save his strength he rode or one of the remaining camels, but it soon grew pitch dark and they could not see how they went, so repeatedly were they stopped by the crests of the dunes. He, therefore, lit a lamp and went on foot to find out the best passage. At midnight they had only advanced two and a half miles, one of the remaining camels had been abandoned, and Islam was all but done up.

A Last Effort.

Now that he saw the end coming near, h determined to leave everything, took Kasim with him, and hastened in an easterly direction, having encouraged Islam and advised him to follow their tracks as soon as he could. In complete darkness they thus separated from the last wreckage of their caravan, the lamp was left burning at Islam's side, but its dull light was soon

Obscured by the dunes' crests.

Kasim carried a spade for digging wells, the fatty tail of a sheep and a bit of coagulated blood. These miserable provisions were, however, of very little use to them, for in the desert the throat and all its for in the desert the throat and all its mucous membrances soon got dry like the external skin, and it became impossible to swallow. Besides, the sensation of hunger disappeared entirely by the side of thirst. They marched the whole night, but with innumerable stops. At 11 o'clock on May 2 it was already so hot that everything turned black before their eyes, and they had to lie down and stop the whole day. They stripped themselves quite naked, dug They stripped themselves quite naked, dug down in the cold sand and in it bedded themselves and put the spade with the clothes to shade their heads. After a short rest they crawled again further through this ocean of fine yellow sand, which ap-peared to them endless. Suddenly Kasim peared to them endiess. Suddenly Kasim stopped short, on the morning of May 3, and pulled Dr. Hedin's shoulder. He pointed, staring toward the east. Dr. Hedin looked and looked, but could not discover anything unusual. But Kasim, with the eyes of a hawk, had seen the verdure of a tamarisk, upon which their hope for salvation now became concentrated, its room. a tamarisk, upon which their hope for sal-vation now became concentrated; its roots ought to reach as far as to the ground water. When they at last reached the tree the first thing they did was to thank God. They reposed a little while, chewing like animals the julcy leaves of the tamarisk. This was the olive leaf that told them that there was an end to this ocean of and.

On May 4 they were greatly distressed, having come upon a new belt of high sterile sand. They again rested under the shade of a tamarisk during the hot hours. When, at 7 o'clock, he dressed himself and exhorted Kasim to come on, he only gave, in a hissing voice, the answer that he was unable. After awhile Kasim came after

him, staggering.
At last their hopes were renewed, they discerned a dark line on the horizon, it was the forest at Khotan-Darya. They now entered under its shady roof, anticipat-ing that the river was not far off; but they were unable to go further in the heat of the burning sun, so threw themselves down under a verdant poplar. At 7 o'clock in the

evening he took the handle of the spade, using it as a staff, and crossed the wood, creeping on hands and knees long distances. Kasim did not budge, but lay on his back staring with wide-open eyes and mouth, and did not answer when he asked him to come with him. All at once the forest came to an end, and a plain was spread out before his eyes, lit by the pale light of the moon. He immediately under-stood that it was the river bed of the stood that it was the river bed or the Khotan-Darya, but it was dry and waiting for the summer floods from the mountains. However, he did not for one moment believe he was destined to perish in this very river bed. He, therefore, crossed and reached, with great difficulty, the right bank, the dark forests of which were dimly discernible in the darkness. He had required five hours to walk less than two ocean of Yellow Sand the deeper channel, where the current had the last time been running. After he had drunk he filled his boots to the top and carried them back to Kasim, who thus in the last moment was saved. the last moment was saved.

VETERAN AMONG BRIDGES.

Its Peculiarities of Construction Make It a Great Curiosity. 'rom Lloyd's Newspaper.

The triangular bridge at Croyland; in Lincolnshire, is probably not only the account of its peculiar construction, one of the greatest curiosities in Europe. It is built in the middle of the town at the confluence of the Welland and the Nene. The plan of the bridge is formed by three with the saddles and bridles on, and, as account of its peculiar construction, one squares and an equilateral triangle, about which they are placed. It has three fronts, three thoroughfares over and three under it. There are the same number of abuttments at equal distances, from which get in front of the herd—a risky plece of the control of the control of the herd—a risky plece of the control rise three half arches, each composed of three ribs meeting in the center at the This attempt was made in this case: three ribs meeting in the center at the top. Seen from any point of view a pointed arch appears in front.

Antiquaries-often fanciful writers-have ical authors hold the structure to have been designed as a starting place for measuring ecclesiastical boundaries, with the additional utility of forming a support for

An exceptionally interesting feature of the bridge is a much-weather-worn effigy, traditionally said to be a representation of King Ethelbald. The rudeness of the design, the uncouthness of the headdress and drapery, lead to the conclusion of the effi-gy being a genuine Saxon sculpture. Plac-ed in a sitting posture at the end of the southwest wall, the figure is embellished with a crown. In one of Eldred's charters the triangular bridge at Croyland was mentioned, but that now existing is sup-posed to be, from its style of architecture, of the time of Edward I. The statue must northwest, and this excited their hopes. He be of much greater antiquity. Croyland, now always traveled on foot, in order to ten miles south of Spalding and eight and keep as straight as possible to the east. a half north of Peterborough, should greatly interest artists and lovers of antique associations.

Battles of Bees.

From the London Mail. In battle the movements of bees are so rapid that it is difficult to follow them through all their evolutions, but the plan of battle seems to be very simple. Two bees from the hive are sent to kill one intruder, and the latter always tries to force an entrance, even at the risk of its life. Once inside, it makes room for others of its companions to enter, and then, gathering up its abdomen in as small a space as possible, it assumes the defensive. Two of the hive bees pounce upon it, and, seizing it fiercely, they seek to find a vulnerable point between the rings of its nerable point between the rings of its body to sting it to death. The attacking bee just as determinedly struggles to cover every unprotected spot. If sufficient time can be gained and the attacking swarm is large enough to force an entrance, the badly mauled bees that have not been badly mauled bees that have not been stung to death will suddenly assume the offensive and pursue the tactics of their was immediately and forever lost from their view. In the evening all provisions, clothes and boxes, etc., that could possibly be spared were picked out. On the 20th the event of an opposite termination of the struggle the poor inhabitants are slaughtered. When their fate has been practically decided, many of them turn traitors their cally decided, many of them turn traitors their cally decided them, and all hands commenced shooting into the herd, the object to their cause, and in order to save their own lives they join the forces of the atown lives they join the forces of the at-tacking party and display great vigor in struction that had overtaken the front. killing their former companions. But there is honest patriotism even among bees. In every hive there are some who fight to the last and prolong the struggle.

Norway's Quaint Vehicles. From the Montreal Star.

As every tourist is aware, a carlole is a most comfortable little car on two wheels for one passenger. The seat is shaped like a shell and nicely padded, and the traveler goes along with his feet resting in fixed stirrups at the side, unless he likes to tuck them up in front of him, or dispose of them elsewhere on the framework of the carriage. The driver sits behind on a box, used for stowing away small packages inside and for taking quite a lot outside.

A stolkjaerre is intended for two persons and a driver. It is a rough cart, and again the driver sits behind. Very often these drivers are tiny lads. You may get one of about eight in some places when the men are busy at the harvest, and it is usual when two conveyances are required by the same party, to expect one of the travelers

to drive the second conveyance.

As the little yellow ponies know the routes inch for inch, and as it is the custom when numbers of conveyances are go-ing the same way for them to form a very long procession, there is not much need for a crack whip. A trille is rarely seen. It carries four persons and is more or less like a small English barouche. The way in which the driver manages to stow his person away in a luggage crowded vehicle one of the wonders of Norway.

----Ambassadors' Salaries.

Frem Tit-Bits. It is announced that Dr. Leyds is to receive £17,000 a year as representative of the Transvaal in Europe. This salary is greatly in excess of the amount which Great Britain deems sufficient for any one Great Britain deems sufficient for any one of her representatives in foreign countries.

Our most highly-paid ambassador is the British representative in Paris, though he The latter is also useful while actually British representative in Paris, though he receives little more than half the sum Dr. Leyds is to draw-a beggarly £9,000. Britain's ambassadors to Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey receive 18,000 a year each. The representative in St. Petersburg has the next largest salary, 17,800; while 1800 less is considered enough for the Brit-ish ambassador who takes up his residence in the Eternal City. For some reason, known only to the diplomatic mind, our representative in Washington is much worse off, receiving but £6,500 a year, though he has probably to work far harder for his country. The ambassador to Spain receives £5,500, while the representatives in China and Persia draw £500 each less. The heads of the legations in Japan, Brazil and Egypt each receive £4,000; but Lord Cromer has beside £1,000 as a "personal allowance." The British agent at Pretoria, who is paid by the colonial office, receives

An Illegible Letter. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received letter from his friend, Prof. E. S. Morse, and, finding the handwriting absolutely illegible, he sent the following reply: "My Dear Mr. Morse: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One tan say to one's self every morning: 'Here's a letter of Morse's; I haven't read of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those is that haven't any eyebrows. Other let-ters are read and thrown away and forgot ten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, Thomas Bailey

A CASCADE OF CATTLE

A Memorable Stampede in a Herd of Many | Written for The Espening Star. Thousands,

The Wild Frenzy of 15,000 Cattle, of Which One-Fifth Plunged to Their Death.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One of the most desperate stampedes of cattle ever witnessed by a Texas cowboy, says Rev. J. B. Cranfill of Waco, Texas, occurred in 1876 on the prairie in the center of which now stands the town of McGregor. Fifteen thousand cattle and twenty-five cowboys participated in the exciting event. Mr. Cranfill was not a participant, but he tells the story, as he got it from an eyewitness, in the Independent.

Late in the afternoon of July 4 there had been a lively thunder storm, that made the cattle nervous. At 10 o'clock at night, however, they seemed to be sleeping profoundy. Then the narrative proceeds as follows: "The stars were all shining, and there

was no cause at all for the arousing of the most ancient bridge in England, but, on herd. They appeared to get up all at once

'Some cattle can outrun others, and in this case there was a bunch of about fifty fully twenty yards in advance, and toward this leading group the two rescuers rode. suggested that the piece of masonry was built as an emblem of the Holy Trinity; for, though the bridge possesses three arches, it yet properly has but one groined arch. More matter-of-fact archaeological authors hold the structure to have to them, and in that way the bunch was made to oblique, and as the leading bunch of cattle obliqued the main stampede obliqued, and the first step in 'milling' had been taken. By this time the cattle were getting tired. Nearly five miles had been covered, and the breath of the leaders was overed, and the breath of the leaders was coming short and painfully, but they were rushing on because the front cattle at this time knew as a matter of fact their only

> ward members of the stampede.
>
> "In the invoice of articles contained in the regulation 'outfit' there is always some kind of stimulants, and but for the stimulants contained in Mr. Wilson's outfit, it is received. possible that the stampede would have been halted without disaster. He had a Mexican along, one of the best cowboys in the southwest. This Mexican and his horse always reminded those who saw him ride of the fabled Centaur. He rode far forward and bent over say that bent over, so that he and his horse ap-peared to be one animal. No horse, how-ever rugged, 'wild and woolly,' had ever been able to unseat him. This Aztec had been to the little brandy runlet too often and had filled and emptied his tin cup with surreptitious intoxicants, so that his usua far in the rear, and the stampede had gone past him, so that when he overtook the rear end he pa-sed to the front on the other side and rode on the wrong flank. When he reached the head of the herd he was just in time to defeat the maneuver then under execution of bending the moving under execution of bending the moving contretempts, the head of the column pouring over, a horrible cascade of beef, plunging madly into destruction, while flee-

now being to build a breastwork of car gulley was nearly full of cattle by this time They were snorting and bellowing, crashing and tearing, and still heaping up, and when the firing began the wounded ones tumbled over on the others, and in a shor time the gulley, like the sunken road at Waterloo, was bridged by carcasses. The herd surged up in billows, like an ocean, and bent now, because it could not do other wise. The semi-circle was formed, and Wilson and his men crossed the gulley be low and rode around the opposite side and recrossed, and in a short time they had the cattle halted, forming an incomplete letter O, and there they stood, blowing bellowing, shivering. All hands remained on watch all right, and in the morning. when a count was made, it was ascertained that 2,700 head were missing. There were afterward 2,700 pairs of horns taken from that gulley. It was called Stampede Gul-ley for many years afterward, and perhaps will always, with some people, be remem-bered by that name."

KLONDIKE NECESSITIES.

A Few Polite Accouterments to Take Along With You. From the Yellow Book.

I am amazed at the popular ignorance

concerning a proper outfit for the Klondike I have before me several newspaper lists o articles necessary for the outfit. The long est contains only three hundred and forty seven items. How ridiculously inadequate Now, I flatter myself that I know something about the matter. I have been hunt ing for gold all my life, although I have seldom obtained anything better than silve and dirty bank bills. Moreover, I was a miner for a number of years. I can men-tion a number of things that should be added to those lists, and which are just as useful as half the articles now on them. In the first place, take along your full-dress suit. Gold hunting is adventure pure and simple, and almost every adventurer I have seen wears a full-dress suit. In

looking for the gold.

None of the lists mention whisky. Take lots of it. It is weary work waiting for the gold to turn up, and you want to pass away the time as happily as possible. There is no danger attending its use, for as soon as you find gold you can take th

gold cure.

'Take along at least twenty pounds of axle grease to rub on the runners of you sled. It will make the sled slip over the snow easily. Moreover, you can eat it if your grub runs short.

Every list I have seen contains a cook

cook over a camp fire. For the same reason you should take along a large base-burner heating stove. A camp fire wouldn't keep you warm. In the days of '49 every miner camp was supplied with steam or furnace heat. However, you can't expect to live as luxuriously as they did.

Take along plenty of canned goods. A rich and varied menu is essential. Don't forget a good cook book. There is not a cowboy's camp or miner's cabin in all the west that is not supplied with one of these aids to civilization. Take along plenty of linen, as there are

few laundries en route, and don't forget your nighty. You have got to sleep there just as you would anywhere else. A bath robe is also an aid to modesty if you intend to bathe during your sojourn in Alaska. You will soon discover that there are some that bathe, but there are others. Take along plenty of cards and games. Progressive euchre parties are all the rage in Dawson City. Likewise take a good library, an encyclopaedia and an unabridged dictionary.

cyclopaedia and an unabridged dictionary.
Don't forget your silk hat.

Take along plenty of starch for your linen. In the days of the Argonauts men suffered keenly because of a lack of cleansing material. One of the saddest songs of the old days, at which every forty-niner used to weep, began as follows: od-bye, old standing collar, With all your pride and starch.
I've worn you from September
Till the seventeenth of March."

Also, don't forget to take along a small sack of flour and a few pounds of bacon.

. RANDOM VERSE

Welcome. Love keeps the door with willing hand To open at thy; light command. The woody ways are bare and chill, No more the Probinia mellow thrill Nor lavish summer fills the land. The barren trees all darkened stand And mean their woes, a cheerless band. Night shadows gather 'round him, still Love keeps the door.

Time runs to years in shifting sand, Yet these fast graying embers, fanned By hope's dear wings the darkness fill. Come thou from o'er the sunset hill, Late homing from the shadow land!

Love keeps the door.
-WILL H. CHANDLEE.

Why and Wherefore. Ella Wheeler Wilcoz in Form. I know not whence I came,
I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go,
But the fact stands clear
That I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe,
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is in my power
Each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why. I cannot find out
What it's all about—
I would but waste time to try.
My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space,
And while I stay
I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all is the lack of a high conceit; If each man thought He was sent to the spot. To make it a bit more sweet, How soon we could gladden the world, How easily right all wrong. If nobody shirked And each one worked To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came; Stop looking for faults and flaws; Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up today
In your pride and say:
"I am part of the first great cause.
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man;
It had need of me
Or I would not beI am here to strengthen the plan."

from the London Figaro. They leved each other well, they swore And so to wed they wildly hoped; Wherefore it wasn't long before They laughed at locksmiths and eloped.

Unforgivable.

Her pa forgave, as papas do; Her mamma, too, forgave and blessed; His ma and pa forgave them, too, And brothers, sisters—all the rest.

And only two could not forgive;
They've not forgiven to this day.
And won't as long as e'er they live—
They can't forgive themselves, they say.

Cain's Wife.

Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a mister?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamic—
Born before history—
With her identity
Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Pheenicia,
Exyste Arabia. Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Pheenicia,
Exyste Arabia,
Africa, India,
Or shift-kissed Suabla?
Who was her father?
Was he a piking
Cruising about
Just to his liking;
Out of the Whenceness
Over the water,
Into the Where
Britgsing this daughter?
Native of Norway,
Denmark or Sweden,
Lured by the charms
Of the girden of Eden?
Blonde or brunette?
Housded or studer?
Flery or frigid?
Haughty on tender?
Why are her graces
Unknown to fame?
Where did Cain meet her?
What was her name?
Tell mel ye sages,

Tell me, ye sages, Stangents of Life,

Answer my query— Who was Cain's wife? aw His Wants.

Frank Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution. I want two drums
When Christmas comes;
(But I don't want slates fer doin' sums!)
An' a wagon load of sugar plums!
An' a big foot ball, an' a top that hums,
(But never a slate fer doin' sums!)
Oh, I just want lots when Christmas comes.

"The Changing Year." rom the Pittsburg Telegraph.

The biker's melancholy days
Have come around at last,
And now he jogs along the streets
Where oft he awiftly passed.
He'd like to "hump it" all the year,
And sadly he complains
When nature on the earth lets loose
Her chilling blasts and rains.

Far out upon the country roads, Where he was wont to spin,
The mud is waiting for a chance
To take the biker in.
And though a stiffening freeze will come,
It cannot end the woe,
For when the mud is hardened up
There'll be a fall of snow.

The wheel is in the attic stored, Where mice can chew the tire; Upon the biking suit the moths Now feast to their desire. The jaunty cap is on a peg, Accumulating dust; The stockings with deceptive pads In secret place are thrust. But while with faces showing gloom

The bikers make isment,
Another class of mortals find
A time of sweet content;
For now pedestrians can walk
About the streets at will,
And "scorchers" do not dash along
To injure or to kill.

But melancholy days will go,
And biking days will come;
And then again on every side
The whirring wheels will hum.
The biking youth and biking girl
Will flirt for all they're worth,
And every "scorcher" in the land
Will think he owns the earth.

From Columbia Verse, 1892-1897. They played at cards on the yellow sand,
When the fields and the trees were green;
She thought that the trump was in her hand,
He thought that he held the queen.
But winter has come and they both have strayed
Away from the throbbing wave—
He finds 'twas only the deuce she played,
She finds that he played the knave.

The Quiet House. Mrs. M. E. Juhu in Montreal Witness.

Ob, mothers, worn and weary
With cares that never cease,
With never time for pleasure,
With days that have no peace;
With little hands to hinder,
And feeble steps to guard,
With tasks that lie unfoished,
Deem not your lof too hard.

I know a house where playthings
Are hidden out of sight;
No sound of childish footsleps
Is heard from morn till night;
No tiny hands to lifter,
That pull things all awry;
No baby hurts to pity
As the quiet days go by.

And she, the say-cyed mother—
What would she give today
To feel your cares and burdens,
To walk yone weary way?
Ah! happy she, yea; blessed,
Could she again, but see
The rooms all strewn with playthings,
And the children round her knee!

The Roadside Acolian ayton Brewer in the Criterion.

When winds stream over the rugged knoll The highway lies along The wires stringing from pole to pole Give tongue to a voice of song.

A-glint with beams of the morning sun, They carry a blitheful air, Humming a berden that seems to run: "Good news is the word we bear;" They swing and away at the breeze's will,
While the heavens smile above
To hear the measure they gally thrill:
"We're speeding a line of love;"
With scale and trill;
"A line of love."

A cloud and a shadow go calling by;
To the breeze's failing breath
In sinking endence the wires sigh;
"Respect for a tale of death!"
More softly still;
"A tale of death."

O the songs are many the wires sing. When the roving wind is sent. To play of gladness or suffering. On its mighty instrument.

THOSE WHO WIN PRIZES!

How Sudden Wealth is Received by the

Some Drop Work and Take It Easy; Others Go on as if Nothing Had Happened.

From Tit-Bits.

The announcement to the prize-winner of his good fortune apparently affects different people in different ways, but to those classes to whom 100,000 francs (f4,000) means immunity from all necessity to work there is a wonderful unanimity in the way they immediately put away any temptation to further toil.

A small Parisian pork butcher who had the good fortune to gain the big prize some little time ago in a state lottery is a case in point. On receiving the news he divested himself of his apron, laid down his knife and immediately wrote out a notice to the effect that he was ready and willing to give his wares to his neighbors until the stock was exhausted. Needless to say, he did a roaring trade until his career of perk butchering was speedily brought to a

close by an appreciative public.

A journeyman mason who was the lucky winner last April of a group molded in solid gold worth 100,000 francs, or, deducting 10 per cent to the supplier of the prize as compensation for not selling the object, 90,000 francs (£3,600) in cash, dropped the work he was engaged upon and returned to his house with the intention of not taking it up again. He evidently thought as he was seventy years of age that he had better waste no time in taking a muchdesired rest.

The man was especially lucky, because a dozen of the biggest prizes had already been decided when the drawers discovered that the zero was missing in one of the revolving urns, which admission, to the bitter disappointment of those present who pos-sessed the lucky numbers drawn, necessitated a fresh draw, with the aforemen-tioned result. As the old man only in-vested tenpence, he had every reason to be

satisfied with the return.

On some occasions big lottery prizes bring anything but happiness to their winners. Some time ago a laborer who won £10,000 in this manner took the money in the shape of 12.000 twenty-franc pieces to his modest apartment and used his fortune as a play-tring, carrying out in bullion the strange architectural designs suggested by a weak brain. As he never left his wealth and had no one to attend to him, it was not long before his reason entirely departed, ard he was borne off to the lunatic asy-

In violent contradistinction to these winners who die of joy, or more probably from the shock to their nervous system, was the shock to their nervous system, was a certain phlegmatic publican of Clichy, a suburb of Paris who, on being informed that he was the richer by £20,000, merely allowed a half-stifled "Ah!" to escape his lips, and then calmly continued to carry out the orders of his patrons as he was wont to do. It is very strange how the fates have befriended the poor it, some of the big draws that have taken place recently.

At Brussels the biggest prizes of £4,000 cach in three of the exhibition lotteries have fallen into the hands of a mason, a glass blower, and in those of two brothers (miners) and a sister (a nurse), who held equal shares in the winning ticket, while an £800 prize was won by a blind tobaccomerchant, who had seven children to support.

The big prize of the Papages letters.

pert.

The big prize of the Panama lottery, amounting to £20,000, was won by a poor widow named Boisscere, who, with her four children, hawked vegetables in the streets of Marseilles for her livelihood, and quite recently half a million francs were won by some people in humble circumstances in a rather remarkable manner.

A husband and wife named Roth, having A husband and wife named Roth, having bought two exhibition bonds in Paris, decided in the kindness of their hearts to present the brother of the latter with one of them. "It will bring us luck," said they. The brother, much touched with the gift, said "If I win I shall share the prize with said, "If I win I shall share the prize with said, "If I win I shall share the prize with you." The prognostication of the worthy Roths came true; the winning number was that held by the brother, who received flo,000 for his share, the other molety going to the donors of the bond.

To the mathematically inclined we com-mend the problem: What is the proportion of those disappointed to those who win £20,000 in lotteries, when the profit to the premoters and the expenses of the lottery are taken into consideration?

ANCIENT REMEDIES.

Alchemy and Superstition Proposed Some Ridiculous Compounds. From the London Spectator.

It is strange to notice the great belief which the ancients appeared to have in the restorative properties of human blood. So, for epilepsy, diseases of the brain, and even for spleen, human blood was much recommended. "In the month of May take a considerable quantity of healthy young men's blood." The blood was distilled twice and dried in the sun. One wonders what the "healthy young men" had to say on this subject of blood-letting, especially as "a considerable quantity" was taken. In olden times no one need remain wrinkled. All that was necessary was to "smear the face with a mixture of water and the pounded root of wild cucumber." If any one was afflicted with freckles it was his own fault; the remedy was simple if scarcely pleasant; he must "rub a bull's gall on the face." To us who are apt to be irritated by dust or smoke in the eye while on the railway the following prescription should be valuable: "Chant the psalm 'Qu! habitat' thrice over water, with which then dcuche the eye." A certain remedy for curing an inebriate was to give him as many eggs of the screech owl boiled hard as he could possibly eat, when he would ever after be a total abstainer. This is surely worthy the attention of the temperance societies. The search for "the philoso-pher's stone" seems to have been ne mere craze of the unlettered. Men of unim-peachable ability and great learning wasted the greater part of their lives on this quest. the greater part of their lives on this quest. Some supposed mercury to be the chief transmuting force; others thought that by sulphur the bodies of metals could be turned into "the most fine pure gold and silver." ed into "the most fine pure gold and silver." Though Bacon was a firm believer in the elixir vitae, Paracelsus was the most diligent inquirer after this wondrous liquid. He prepared a remedy called "Primum Ens Melissae," which was made of pure carbenate of potash and the fresh leaves of the melissa plant on which was poured. the melissa plant, on which was poured pure alcohol. Generally, however, the idea seems to have been that the elixir of life was composed of the four elements blended

LONDON SMOKE.

Evelyn Complained of the Nuisance Over 250 Years Ago. Ficm the London Telegraph. According to one of those early chroni-

clers who recorded his impressions upon parchment, "this island is noted chiefly for the heauty of the women and the prevalence of fogs." Hundreds of years have elapsed since the remains of this worthy were cremated and laid to rest outside the walls of Rome, but, according to many authorities, the description is as true today as when it was first written. M. Zola, whose keen power of observation no man will question, is reported to have used language very similar to that of the pagan writer when he referred to the ladies of London as "tres belles" and the fogs as simply "epouvantables!" From the commencement of our history until the present time fog has been a topic of perennial interest to Britishers in general and to the inhabi-tants of London in particular. In the time of Charles II fog became so frightful a nulsance, we are told, that one Evelyn wrote a pamphlet invelghing against the absurd policy of allowing brewers, dyers, soap boilers and lime burners to pursue their noisome labors "among the dwelling soard policy of allowing brewers, dyers, soap boilers and lime burners to pursue their noisome labors "among the dwelling houses of the city and suburbs." He complained that the gardens around London would no longer bear any fruit, and cited many instances of orchards, as, for example, Lord Bridgewater's, in Barbican, and the Marquis of Hertford's, in the Strand, that had produced good crops in 1644, the year in which Newcastle-on-Tyne was besieged, because only a very limited quantity of coal was then brought into London. "It is this horrid smoke," wrote Evelyn, "which obscures our churches and makes our palaces look old, which fouls our clothes and corrupts the waters." The main difference between the observations of our pagan friend and those of the later writers,

Evelyn and M. Zola, appears to be that the Evelyn and M. Zola, appears to be that the first gentleman referred merely to the ordinary fog, which, as every schoolboy knows, consists principally of water particles, whereas the others dealt obviously with that injurious compound known as a "London particular." The scientific description of the "London particular" would probably be: Fog plus certain products of combustion, and injurious for two reasons. First, on account of the tarry products First, on account of the tarry products present, which envelop the drops of moispresent, which envelop the drops of mois-ture and thus obstruct evaporation, hence the dryness of a London fog; second, be-cause the amount of carbonic acid in the air is largely increased during its preva-lence owing to the smoky vapor preventing its diffusion.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL.

An Interesting Feature of Winter Life in Holland.

George Wharton Edwards in Harper's Weekly.

In Holland a winter seldom passes with-

out good skating, which being not only a pastime with the Dutch, but a serious and ordinary mode of travel, the ice on the canals and "grachts" is kept in good condition, and it is common to see a small army of sweeping peasants putting the ice in order for the day. There is a skating club in every town in Holland, and all these clubs belong to the Dutch Skating Association. The largest clubs are probably the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Ice Clubs, and in the season many excursions are made by these associations to the surrounding towns
-for example, from Amsterdam to Leyden
via Vogelenzang and Haarlem; from Amsterdam to Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuyzen, Alkmaar, and even across the Zuyder Zee, when it will bear, to Marken, and even Urk. The way the whole country is moated by canals, with huge windmills overlooking the ice like leviathan implements of ordance is calculated to ments. everlooking the ice like leviathan implements of ordnance, is calculated to appeal to the lover of the picturesque. Then there are the graceful light sleighs, propelled by skillful skaters, and containing red-cheeked, bright-eyed peasant girls in immense lace caps and dangling temple ornaments, flying over the ice at a great speed. On the Maas, a few miles east of Rotterdam, lies a famous skating resort known as Slikkeryeer. mous skating resort known as Stikkerveer. and brought into notoriety in recent years by the international skating contests which are held there. Any one fond of that most exhilarating form of exercise can hardly find a more interesting experience than is to be had during a winter trip to Holland. In the season the boat leaves the Rhine sta-tion pier for a sail up the Maas. The steamer ploughs her way through the float-ing ice, and at length leaves you at a high pier on a huge dike which separates the river from the low-lying country. A short walk brings you to a large inclosed ex-panse of ice, obtained by artificially flooding a large area. Here a huge horseshoe course is marked out for the racers. And on either side of this stretches the free portion, for the onlookers and those who wish to practise the exhibitanting art. Fashion is beginning to drive out the picturesque costumes of the peasants, who are becom-ing ashamed of their distinctive dress. So year by year there is to be seen less and

less of the lovely, quaint and sometimes bizarre headdresses, and the queer coats and breeches of the men and boys. There is little fancy skating to be seen. The great length of the runners of the Dutch skates, and the way in which they turn back in huge curves over the toe, are effectual checks upon all tigure-skating in volving sudden or short turns. An attempt to do the outside edge backward would in-vite disaster. The Dutchman can go quick-er over long stretches upon his skates than the Englishman, because of his extra long runners. It is a charming sight to see the long string of skaters sailing along with a swing that reminds one of the flight and dip of the swallows. Sometimes, too, they use a sort of sail, with which, by clever handling, they can make headway close up in the wind. The most usual figure seen is what is styled the Dutch roil, in which ong lines of skaters throw themselves off upon the right and left foot alternately, in curves of twenty-five to thirty feet, at an in-credible speed. There is much shouting and bolsterousness, and some of the byplay is rot in the best taste, but on the whole the scene is most interesting and entirely unique.

AN OLD CATERER ON TERRAPIN. The Divine Satisfaction is in Eating It Yourself.

From the Philadelphia Times.

James Prosser, a famous colored caterer following formula for preparing and serving terrapin. It was published in a gastronomic journal at the time when he was on earth.

"You can't enjoy terrapin unless the day is nippin'. Temperature and terrapin go hand in hand. Now, as to your terrapin. Bless you! there is all the difference in the world in them. The more northerly is the terrapin found the better. You eat a Florida terrapin-you needn't despise it. for terrapin is terrapin everywhere—but you get a Chesapeake one or a Delaware bay one, or, better still, a Long Island one and there is just the difference between \$10 a dozen and \$36. Warm water kinder washes the delicate flavor out of them. Don't you let Mr. Bergh know it, but your errapin must be boiled alive. Have a good big pot, with a hot fire under it, so that he shan't languish, and when it has got on a full head of steam pop him in. What I am going to give is a receipt for a single one. If you are awfully rich and go in for a gross of terrapin, just use your multiplication table. Just as soon as he caves in watch him and try his flippers. When they part when you pry them with your finger he is good. Open him nicely with a Biling of him dislocates the snuff box. Pick out every scrap of his meat There ain't overmuch of it, more's the pity.
The most is in the jints of the legs and side lockers, but if you want to commit murder, just you smash his gall, and then your terrapin is gone forever. Watch closely for eggs and handle them gingerly Now, having got him or her all into shape put the meat aside. Take three fresh eggsyou must have them fresh. Bile 'em hard and mash 'em smooth. Add to that a ta-blespoonful of sifted flour, three table-spoons of cream, salt and pepper (red pep-per to a terrapin is just deprayity), and two wineglasses of sherry wine-wine as costs \$2.50 a bottle a'n't a bit too good. There never was a gotega in all Portugal that wouldn't think itself honored to have itself mixed up with a terrapin. Now you want quite a quarter of a pound of the very best fresh butter, and put that in a porcelain-covered pan and melt it first— musn't be browned. When it's come to be oily, put in your terrapin, yolks of egg, wine and all. Let it simmer gently. Biling up two or three times does the business. What you are after is to make it blend. There ain't nothing that must be too pointed in terrapin stew. It wants to be a quiet thing, a suave thing, just pervaded with a most beautiful and natural terrapin aroma. You must serve it to the people that eats it on a hot plate, but the real thing is to have it on a chafing dish, and though a man oughtener be selfish, there is a kind of divine satisfaction in eating it all your self."

A Heroic Rescue.

From the St. Paul Pioncer Press.

Capt. William Becker of the schooner Redington, now loading lumber at the Scott & Holsten saw mill in the port of Duluth, is voted a hero by the men that saw him at great risk to his own life save William Barnes, a lumber shover, from death by drowning. The slip at the lumber yard of the Scott & Holsten company was filled with broken ice when the schooner Redington arrived to begin loading a cargo of lumber. On the lumber piles were the men that were to shove the lumber on board Barnes was among them. He is a heavy man, weighing 250 pounds, and, venturing too near the edge of the lumber pile, a board slipped, or tipped, and he was precipitated down something like twenty-five feet into the icy waters of the slip. Barnes struck on one side, but immediately came to the surface and clutched in vain at the floating lee cakes for support. By the great struck on one side, but immediately came to the surface and clutched in vain at the floating ice cakes for support. By the greatest effort he succeeded in keeping his head above water for a few moments. Capt. Becker had his overcoat on and without a moment's hesitation, and without removing his overcoat, leaped down twenty feet between the icy walls of the boat and the face of the lumber pile. The daring man struck a projecting timber and was turned over. He alighted on his back, but was uninjured, and immediately took possession of the gigantic form of the drowning lumber shover. The latter was absolutely helpless by this time, and had assistance come a few seconds later it would have been too late. With a few powerful strokes the life saver reached a piling in the face of the dock and assisted Barnes to get the latter's arms around it, where they almost immediately froze stiff to the wood. They were, af course, promptly rescued.

THE KING OF BIRDS

Wonderful Sight and Age of the American Eagle.

SAVAGE WAYS OF THE OLD ONES

Their Habits, Haunts and Subsist. ence in the Mountain Country.

HOW THEY REAR YOUNG

Nashville, Tenn., Letter in New York Post,

The mountain solitudes and fastnesses of Tennessee, which have figured so often of late in the stories and novels of John Fox, Charles Egbert Craddock and others, have, among other respect-inspiring natives, many specimens of the American national bird, the bald-headed eagle, which makes its eyrie among the lofty and ragged clefts and crags and pinnacles of the ranges. It is found on the Stone mountain, the great Roane, 6,296 feet high; on the Bald at 5,550 feet, and the Great Smoky range, which rises 6,630 feet; on the Bullhead, and in

many other lofty places. For these splendid birds there is a neverfailing demand, and as a result there are many mountaineers who have become expert catchers of these mountain prizes, and who often reap rich rewards in return for perilous risks and daring adventures. Young eagles bring from \$40 to \$80, and occasionally \$100, while eagles that are of some age and of great size cost as much as \$300, these being rarely captured, how-ever. Eagles which are killed in the attempt to capture them are valuable to taxidermists, who always find an easy mar-ket for these great stuffed birds. Their feathers, especially those of wing and tail, are likewise sold for good prices.

Their Nests.

The eagle either builds its nest upon the top of a mighty tree growing far up on the mountain, among myriads of twining vines and the thickest and most inaccessible bushes or shrubs, or on the summit of a high rock. It is always a large one, strongly and comfortably built, large sticks and branches being laid together, nearly flat and bound with twining vines. The spaclous inside is covered with hair and moss-es, so minutely woven together that no wind can penetrate. In this abode the mother bird lays two eggs, which are great curiosities. The long end of the egg tapers down to a point, while its color is a dirt or brownish red, with many dots and spots upon it. The young birds are driven forth from the nest by their savage parents to scratch for themselves as soon as they are able to fix and no training whatever is able to fly, and no training whatever is given them by the old bird. That is left to their instinct, which hunger and necessity develop. There is no going back to the old home for the young eagle, for the mother bird at once tears up every vestige of the nest where they have thriven since birth, and while they emit plaintive shricks, darts at them and pushes them off the crags or rocks, and as they must take to their wings or fall, this is how they learn to fly at once.

Their Great Age.

It takes three years for a young eagle to gain its full and complete plumage and for the development of its strength. Once full grown, provided he does not meet with a violent death, an eagle should have between

80 and 160 years. Up in the mountains the eagle finds it as hard to gain subsistence as do the feathered grumblers of the plains below. The pre-cariousness of his existence and the wild manner in which food is gathered seem to give the bird greater ferocity the older it give the bird greater terocity the order it grows. The eagles range among the moun-tains and valleys in pairs, their young never following, but doing the best they can by themselves. The stern, unsocial ty-ranny of the older birds, beginning with the casting out of the eaglets, manifests itself

of this city, dead long ago, furnished the in later years in their treatment of their If the male bird be the stronger, m the prey belongs to him, and he allows the female to eat but a paltry share between fierce thrusts of his beak. If the female is the stronger (and she generally is), the male bird cowers and winces under many a flerce blow from his unfeeling wife, no matter how small the morsel he is striving to get. But when danger threatens, no hu-man pair battle so formidably for them-

selves and each other as do two eagles.

Monogamous. It is a noteworthy fact that each male has but one mate during his lifetime. If the female is killed or captured, the surviving male becomes an eagle hermit and

fiercer than ever. Eagles are often seen near their nests together, but when the sun is shining they frequently take their majestle flight straight toward it, until they disappear from sight. Sitting upon the mountainside their vision is so keen that they can see far down in the valley a sheep or young goat, a big turkey or rooster, a small pig, a rabbit, or partridge, and almost instantaneously they descend upon their victim. Often, when a large calf or goat is to be attacked and carried off, four or six of the great birds will unite and remove the carcass to a safe spot, when they will im-mediately begin to fight it out to see which of them is entitled to the choicest bits, and it is truly a survival of the fittest in such combats as these. But an eagle is always confident of his strength, and rarely over-reaches himself in such conflicts or in his

desire for prey. Swooping in Pairs.

When lingering by the mountain rivers, watching for ducks or geese, or even fish, a pair of eagles will display their natural shrewdness. They swoop from opposite directions upon the fowl, which tries to escape by diving, and could outwit one eagle; but suddenly as the bird comes to the surface

of the water the second eagle seizes him.
With its wonderful power of sight, covering a radius of miles, the eagle combines a swiftness of flight equally marvelous. In a single night and day a full-grown eagls can fly 1,000 miles. Oftentimes the visitof can fly 1,000 miles. Oftentimes the visitof in the Tennessee mountains can just set him like a little speck in the sky, moving restlessly and rapidly in majestic circles about the crest of a far-away peak. The sightseers and mountaineers who love to watch eagles always choose the break of dawn or a calm sunset. Then they are to be seen wheeling in sinder and little. te seen wheeling in circles and gliding about in horizontal sweeps, just before starting out on a day's hunt, or settling

A Curious French Law. From the New York Tribune.

Owing to the existence of a peculiar law in France, which exacts that "any person named or referred to in any periodical publication shall have the right to reply in the next number in the same place and in the same type, providing the reply does not extend to more than twice the length of the offending article," one of the forthcoming numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the most important and influential monthly reviews in France, will contain an article of unusual length, and couched in extravagant language, which will appear in its pages in spite of the opposition of the editor. It will bear the signature of a dramatic author, who, inurlated by the nature of the criticism passed by the "Revue" on one of his plays, has invoked his rights under Article 13 of the press laws, rights which were in vain conested by the editor

Letter Seven Years on the Road.

From the Belfast (Me.) Republican. November 27 Richard B. Stover of Bucksport received through the mail a letter which he mailed March 9, 1890, to his fathwhich he mailed March 9, 1890, to his father, Capt. J. G. Stover, now some time deceased, then in command of the ship Danlel Barnes, which was due at Victoria, B. C. The letter was in care of the American consul. The Barnes had sailed before the arrival of the letter, and for seven years it had been pigeon-holed somewhere, to be sinally returned, according to the usual direction on the envelope, unopened, with the usual indorsement, "Unclaimed." The Canadian officials do not seem to be open to the charge of undue haste in this matter.